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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

THE PAMPHLETEER; containing the best pamphlets of the day, with original pamphlets, &c. No. XX. September, 1817.

This useful undertaking has established itself so firmly in public opinion, that our notice can do little more than repeat the general tribute to acknowledged merit. The preservation, in a cheap and handsome form, of excellent works which are so liable, as single pamphlets are, to be misused and lost, is in itself an object of considerable interest; and it is impossible to look over either this number, or any one of those which have preceded it, without feeling that a store of exceedingly valuable information has been collected from many perishable repositories, to be here concentrated and laid up in excellent order, not only for the improvement of the present age, but for the instruction of posterity.

As it is our intention to subjoin a curious paper on the Origin of Pamphlets, (selected from our *Scrip*) we shall not lengthen this article further than merely to state the contents of the number of the Pamphleteer just published.

The first essay is an original one in every sense of the word, by Mr. Jeremy Bentham. It occupies about fifty pages, and is entitled, "*Defence of Economy*," but might as well have been called "*Mangling of George Rose*;" for it is a strange composition, apparently proceeding from an extraordinary mind, bordering on that state to which great wit has been said to be nearly allied. The living and dead are treated with equal intemperance, and were we even convinced by the argument, we should protest against the indecorum of its style. The second paper is a "*Defence of the Constitution*," by Lord Somers, which is *toto cælo* different in principle and in language from its precursor. The third article is on the Pauperism of England, by the Rev. G. Glover, savouring a little too much of party politics, and a little too little of philosophical inquiry. Mr. Jacob on the Causes of Agricultural Distress, is a temperate well-written essay; Sir John Sinclair on the Means of arresting National Calamity, contains much intelligence; Dr. Maclean on Epidemic and Pestilential Diseases, is of the same character; the Report of the House of Commons' Committee on the Petitions

against the employment of boys in Chimney-sweeping, is worthy a place from its benevolent source and spirit; Sir Egerton Brydges' Reasons for amending the Copy-right Act is of great interest to the world of letters; and Major Torrens and Dr. Crombie furnish two good essays (the former original) on the Means of reducing the Poor's Rates, and on the Depreciation of Bank Notes, though the last is now rather late in the day. In fine, the collection is impartial, replete with information, and deserving of a place in every library where political economy is an object of study. Having finished this brief analysis, and delivered this candid opinion, we pass from the Pamphleteer to

THE ORIGIN OF PAMPHLETS.

"I look upon Pamphlets," says a writer of the 17th century, "as the eldest offspring of paper, and entitled to claim the rights of primogenitorship even of bound volumes, however they may be shorter lived, and the younger brother has so much outgrown the elder. In as much as arguments do now, and more especially did, in the minority of our erudition, not only so much more rarely require a larger compass than pamphlets will comprise, but these being of a more facile, more decent, and simple form, suitable to the character of the more artless ages, they seem to have been preferred by our modest ancestors for the communication of their sentiments, before book-writing became a trade, and lucre and vanity let in deluges of digressory learning to swell up unwieldy folios. Thus I find, not a little to the honor of our subject, no less a person than the renowned Alfred collecting his sage precepts and divine sentences, with his own royal hand, into *quaternions* of leaves stitched together, which he would enlarge with additional quaternions, as occasion offered; yet seemed he to keep his collection so much within the limits of a pamphlet size, however bound together at last, that he called it by the name of his "*Hand-book*,"—because he made it his constant companion, and had it at hand wherever he went.

"It was, however, the grand controversy between the Church of Rome and the first opposers thereof, which seems to have laid the foundation of this kind of writing, and to have given great credit to it at the same time, as well by the many eminent authors it produced in church and state, as the successful detection and defeat thereby befalling those religious impostures which had so universally enslaved the minds of men. Nay, this important reformation has been much ascribed to one little pamphlet only, which a certain lawyer of Gray's Inn, (obliged to fly into Germany for having acted in a play which incensed Cardinal Wolsey) composed there, and conveyed by means of Lady Anne

Boleyn, to the perusal of Henry VIII. at the beginning of this rupture; the copies whereof were strewed about at the king's procession to Westminster; the first example, as some think, of that kind of appeal to the public. How the Cardinal was nettled thereat, how he endeavoured to stifle and secrete the same, how it provoked the pen of the bigotted Lord Chancellor (Sir Thomas More), how glaringly it was fixed in the front of the prohibited book, and yet how it captivated the said king's affection and esteem, may not only be presumed from the purport, but gathered from the accounts which our ecclesiastical histories have given thereof. It would be endless to specify how much this province was henceforward cultivated by prelates, statesmen, and authors of the first rank, not excepting majesty itself, in the several examples which might be produced of the said Henry VIII., King James, and Charles; the second of whom thought so honorably of these pamphlet performances, that he deemed one of his own writing so much above human patronage, as to make a dedication of it to Jesus Christ.

"England, through its spirit of liberty, has been the most fruitful country for the production of pamphlets; so the period has been most fruitful in them, was that of the civil wars in the reign of Charles I. Indeed, in all disorders and commotions, it is natural to have recourse to the most expeditious intelligence and redress, lest delay should be more dangerous than the deficiency of them; or they superannuated before they were born. For while some persons are labouring in the paroxysms of contention, were others pondering long-winded expedients of accommodation, and prescribing volumes for a *recipe*, the dose would come too late for the disease, and the very preparation thereof disable its efficacy. Therefore are pamphlets, and such sort of tracts, rifest in great revolutions; which, though looked upon by some as *paper-lanterns* set a-flying to be gazed at by the multitude, (illuminating whom, they have not always escaped the flames themselves) yet are they beheld, by politic or penetrating eyes, as thermometers of state, foreshowing the temperature and changes of government, with the *calentures* approaching therein; and even preservatives to be had against them, would the active be as unanimous to prevent, as the speculists have been industrious to prognosticate the same."

The writer of this essay proceeds to remark on the great price given for pamphlets which were become scarce. "There never was a greater esteem, or better market; never so many eager searches after, or extravagant purchasers of, scarce pamphlets, than in the present times, which have been made evident either from the sales of them in general; as that of Tom Britton, the celebrated small-coal man of Clerkenwell, who, besides his chemical and musical collections, had one of choice pamphlets, which he sold to the

late Lord Somers, for upwards of 500*l.*; and more especially Mr. Anthony Collins; the last year, whose library consisting principally of pamphlets, and those mostly controversial, and mostly modern, is reported to have sold both parts of it for 1800*l.*; or whether we descend into particulars, and consider the exorbitant value set upon some single pieces, as the topographical pamphlets of John Norden, the surveyor, which before they were reprinted often sold for 40*s.* a piece; the Examination of Sir John Oldcastle, which I have known sold for three guineas, though gleaned from Fox's Book of Martyrs; the Expedition of the Duke of Somerset into Scotland also has been sold for four guineas, though totally inserted in Hollinshed. From the grand collection of pamphlets which was made by Tomlinson, the bookseller, from the latter end of the year 1640 to the beginning of 1660, it appears there were published in that space nearly thirty thousand several tracts; and that these were not the complete issue of that period there is good presumption, and, I believe, proofs in being. Notwithstanding it is enriched with near a hundred manuscripts, which nobody then (being written on the side of the royalists) would venture to put into print, the whole, however, is progressively and uniformly bound in upwards of two thousand volumes, of all sizes. The catalogue, which was taken by Marmaduke Foster, the auctioneer, consists of twelve vols. in folio; wherein every piece has such a punctual register and reference, that the smallest, even of a single leaf, may be readily repaired to thereby. They were collected no doubt with great assiduity and expense, and not preserved, in those troublesome times, without great danger and difficulty; the books being often shifted from place to place, out of the army's reach. So scarce were many of the pamphlets, even at their publication, that Charles I. is reported to have given ten pounds for only reading one over (which he could no where else procure) at the owner's house in St. Paul's Churchyard.

"The extraordinary price of pamphlets already mentioned, would naturally excite our deliberate inquiry into what has been most extraordinary in the contents of them; but so multifarious are the subjects, that it cannot be expected I should enumerate them in the narrow limits of an epistolary address. What do most attract the attention of mankind, are those dreaded scourges of a mal-administration, commonly, though perhaps sometimes too indiscriminately, bearing the contumelious denomination of *libels*. It matters little whether it be reasonable or not, that such writings as duly expose villainy should themselves be vile; or that some persons, who have been unjustly injurious by any other means, may not be justly injured by this; but it is obvious to all who know the disproportion of riches and power in this world, that there are crimes not to be blasted, and criminals not to be branded, by other means. And since the lashes of reason will reach where those of justice cannot; since truth will project defamation from the actions of oppressive rulers, as uncontrolledly as the sun does the shadows from opacous

bodies, the redress of the effect is to be sought for in the cause; and we should apply the salve to the minds which received the provocation; not, empiric like, seek to stanch them by binding up the weapons which returned it. Nay, we read that the Emperor Charles V.; Francis I. of France; and even Solymán, the Grand Turk; with Barbarossa, the pirate; and several other potentates, all condescended to become tributary to the satyric muse of Pietro Aretino; whom, notwithstanding it is not very probable they had any way personally exasperated. Some also in our story might be named, who have taken the like method to assuage the effects of their discreditable conduct; among whom are not wanting those who, having penuriously made their plaister too scant for the sore, have rather multiplied than subtracted from their own disgrace; and industriously exposed their folly by the imperfect concealment of their vice. These had not the affected tenderness for their own reputations it seems, even of the Turks and barbarians; not that exquisite apprehension of this durable discipline, which may visit the sins of the fathers on their children unto the third and fourth generation: as not the love, so neither the fear of men of letters, which is noted in one of the wisest Roman Emperors, by the historian of his life, (Lampridius in Alexandro Severo) and by one of our own authors in these words:

He feared less a hundred lances, then
Th' impetuous charges of a single pen.

Well knowing

Parva necat morsu spatiosum vipera taurum.

"I shall leave it for others to discuss, whether this sort of writing is more inclinable to flourish, and to take deeper root, by the ventilations of resentment; or wither and die away in the shades of disregard: but this we may observe, that some charges are of such a convincing, clinging nature, that they are found not only to strike all apology or contradiction dumb, but to stick longer upon the names of the accused than the flesh upon their bones. Thus Philip the Second's wicked employment, treacherous desertion, and barbarous persecution of his secretary, Antonio Perez, upbraids him out of the author's *Librillo*, through all Europe to this day. Mary, Queen of Scots, has not yet got clear of Buchanan's Detection. Robert, Earl of Leicester, cannot shake off Father Parsons's *Green Coat*. George, Duke of Buckingham, will not speedily outstrip Doctor Eglissham's *Fore-runner of Revenge*. Nor was Oliver Cromwell far from killing himself at the pamphlet which argued it to be *No Murder*, lest it should persuade others to think so, and he perish by ignobler hands than his own.

"In this manner did some take the liberty of calling these personages to account for their misdeeds, even while they were living. And with regard to that most memorable usurper last mentioned, thus was a celebrated writer of ours for immortalizing him: 'When we fix any infamy on deceased persons, it should not be done out of any hatred to the dead, but out of love and charity to the living; that the curses that only remain in men's thoughts, and dare not come forth against

tyrants, because they are tyrants, while they are so, may at last be for ever settled and engraven upon their memory, to deter all others from the same wickedness. The mischief of tyranny is too great, even in the shortest time that it can continue—it is endless and insupportable if the example be to reign too. If it were possible to cut tyrants out all history, and to extinguish their very names, I am of opinion it ought to be done; but since they have left behind them too deep wounds to be ever closed up without a scar, at least let us set a mark on their memory, that men of the same wicked inclinations may be no less affrighted with their lasting ignominy, than enticed by their momentary glories.'

"How little soever these sentiments may be thought to need corroboration, I flatter myself the following reply of our late excellent Queen Mary ought not here to be forgotten, when some of her courtiers would have incensed her against Monsieur Jurin, who in his answer to Father Maimburg, that he might the better justify the reformation in Scotland, made a very black representation of their Queen Mary—'Is it not a shame,' said one of the company, 'that this man, without any consideration of your royal person, should dare to throw such infamous calumnies on a queen from which your Royal Highness is descended.'—'Not at all,' replied this ingenious princess, 'for is it not enough that, by fulsome praises, kings be lulled asleep all their lives; but must flattery accompany them to their graves? how shall then princes fear the judgment of posterity, if historians were not allowed to speak the truth after their death!'"

JOURNAL of the PROCEEDINGS of
the late EMBASSY to CHINA, &c. By
HENRY ELLIS, Third Commissioner of
the Embassy. 4to. pp. 526.

(Concluded.)

Our last Number brought the Chinese Embassy to that condition which in military movements is called retrograding, and which in the present case might be called retro-tracking. They had seen Pekin, resisted the pleasant ceremony of having their heads bumped against the ground, shammed Abrah'm, and were ordered to go home again without the joy of viewing the celestial presence. Sailing along a canal, with an occasional walk upon its banks, is not the best mode of acquiring information respecting a country; but still where every thing is curious, there is a good deal of amusing information to be picked up even in this way. We shall accordingly proceed with our travellers to Canton, and note the memorabilia on their way.

Polytheism in the most extended sense is the Chinese faith, though it appears that with all their gods there is less regard paid to religion in this country than in almost any other at all removed from barbarism. Priests and people are alike

indifferent to the worship of superior intelligences; the former indeed perform a few idle ceremonies, but the *Drum cole* keeps no pace with the *Regem serva* among these paltry slaves. Their superstitious legends are however gross and absurd enough to obtain a zealous belief (for zeal is generally in proportion to incredibility,) and they have many temples: several of these Mr. Ellis visited, and we copy what is most curious from his narrative respecting them. At Tong-chow

The Miao or Temple, occupied by Lord Macartney, is now the residence of the Koong-yay. I went yesterday morning to a smaller temple, which had nothing remarkable on the outside; in a small apartment on the left of the entrance, there were four figures, two male and two female, all gorgeously dressed, the male as warriors; in the hands of one of the females there was a leaf of a plant: within the inner and larger hall there were several figures ranged on each side, some with crowns and others with fillets. The principal objects of adoration were two figures standing in a recess, fronting the entrance of the hall, a male and a female, the latter holding the fruit of the water-lily in her hand; these were still more richly dressed than the others. Some bundles of feathers were hanging before them, and pots for incense were placed on the table. The male figures were short and thick; this may therefore be considered the Chinese standard of beauty, man being usually disposed to attribute his notions of perfection to the form under which the Deity is portrayed.

At Tien-sing, another small temple, dedicated, as stated, to the God of Fire, was inspected.

His igneous godship was a short figure seated on a throne, holding a drawn sword in one hand and a serpentine ring in the other; two dwarf-like figures stood near him, each with rings: there were three other figures, less perfect, on the side of the building. This Miao was under repair, and the workmen were cooking their victuals in the very sanctuary. Religion seems to sit very easily on the Chinese. In their feelings on this head they resemble the ancient Pagans; the worship of the gods forms part of civil institutions and daily habits, but never deeply influences their passions. It would be wrong to attribute the late edicts against the Christians to religious persecution; they arose from an alleged connexion with the malcontents, not, I understand, without foundation.

On the 6th of September a Mahomedan mosque, of which there are several in the province through which the mission was then passing, was seen: Mr. Ellis thinks that Mahomedans are eligible to all offices in China.

* Serpentine, we suppose, means here formed of a serpent, and not waving.

Another temple was visited on the 9th. It was dedicated to—

The Eternal Mother, or principal Chinese female divinity. The figure of the goddess had a white cloth thrown over it, and a crown on the head; in her hand she held a leaf: there were two attendant figures, of smaller size, in the same shrine; some other figures were placed near the wall on one side.

It is observed that religion seems to be on the decline, as all these buildings, the temples, are going to ruin.

The next which was inspected was said to be dedicated to Kwae-sing, and bore the extraordinary name of "*The Devil Star's Chamber*." A temple to Chung-wang-hai, a full-bearded god upon a throne, the entrance to whose presence was guarded by two figures of men in armour, apparently of stone, standing near horses ready accoutred, was the next object of curiosity. At Sang-yuen, the god *Fo* with eight arms, exactly similar to the idols of the Hindoos, occupied a temple, and several colossal figures of warriors were represented as statues of distinguished Mandarins. Another is thus described—

In the largest Miao, the most remarkable object I observed was the model of a *Pagoda* or *Paou-la*, about fourteen feet high, of thirteen stories; each story was filled with small gilt figures, not ill executed, in wood. The principal figures were also wooden, but imitating bronze; in general the colossal figures are baked clay. Notwithstanding the coarseness of the materials, the ornaments of the drapery are represented with great fidelity and minuteness: one of these temples was used as a stable, and the other as a farm-house.

Near Kei-kho-chin, at the junction of the river Wun-kho with the canal, the boats offer up sacrifices at the Loong-wang-Miao or Temple of the Dragon King; the first at which Mr. Ellis, as he strangely expresses himself, saw "*the business*" of religion going on. The boatmen burnt some incense before the idol, and prostrated themselves, while the priests struck upon the gong, and received a few copper coins for their trouble. Dragons surrounded the idol.

But not to detain our readers longer among the temples than is necessary to afford a tolerable idea of them, we shall conclude with the description of only one other, namely, that of Ning-niang, which may be taken as a sample of the most perfect and celebrated.

It was, as usual, divided into courts, four in number, the two inner appropriated to the priests. The first contained two square pavilions, with richly decorated roofs; on the several pinnacles were small figures of

* In another place he talks of the "professional craft" of the priesthood.

animals; the frieze looked like green enamel, and had a very pleasing effect; the tiles were of bright yellow. In these pavilions were large slabs of black marble placed upright on pedestals, on which were inscriptions. Galleries on each side contained the usual figures of civil and military Mandarins. At the very extreme of this court was a colossal statue of the dragon king. Having passed through the first court, we entered that containing the divinity, representing the Emperor's mother, to whom the Miao is dedicated; she was seated with two attendants standing near her, a yellow robe was thrown round the body, and on her head was a crown or large bonnet: the figure was richly gilt. The cross-beams of the ceiling were decorated with golden dragons on a bright blue ground. Round the roofs of the temple were ornaments resembling spears and tridents. A lustre, composed of horn lanterns and strings of coloured glass beads, hung from the centre: two large horn lanterns were on each side of the altar, with polished metal screens near them, used as reflectors to increase the brilliancy when the whole are lighted. Every part of the roof was richly carved and gilt, and surrounded by a frieze variegated with green, red, and black decorations. In the open area of the court, a metal vessel, shaped not unlike a *ta* or *pagoda*, was placed, where incense is kept burning; the gongs, drums, and other instruments belonging to the temple, corresponded to the superiority of the rest of the edifice. We found the priests very well disposed to do the honours, and they were perfectly satisfied with an offering of a dollar.*

A statue of Confucius in another temple gave the legislator with African features!!

Dragging along at the average rate of about twenty-five miles a day, the travellers could only observe a few of the customs, and little of the arts, as they are cultivated by the Chinese. On the banks of the rivers and canals which formed their route, (the Peiho, Huo, Yellow, and Yan-y-tse rivers, the Po-wang Lake an inland sea, the Shan-kho, &c. river) they noticed the cultivation of millet, tobacco, cotton-plant, buck-wheat, hemp, and a small species of bean. Willows and poplars prevailed; but oaks, shaddock, and orange trees were also common, and of fruits the *mee* tree, bearing a sort of small cherry, and the wild-fig climbing up the walls like ivy. To these we may add the *tallow tree*, which resembles a maple, and is beautiful in its foliage and berries in their different stages, some with the outward husk still green, some brown, and others, freed of the covering, of a pure white, and the size of a large pea, called by the Chinese "*Skin-oil-fruit*," from which the tallow is obtained by compression in a mill, and sold in large cakes: the *camphor tree*, ever green and handsome: the *varnish tree*, culti-

vated as plantations, not higher than a young fruit tree, leaves laurel-shaped, of a light green and downy feel, but producing sores if bruised; the varnish from this tree is extracted by slitting the bark: and the *wax bush*, which resembles the thorn, and bears a crop of wax deposited upon its branches by a tribe of insects. Of pasture land very little was seen; cows and buffaloes were feeding on grass very closely grazed.

The population of China Mr. Ellis thinks much overrated in European statements. Their own writers do not pretend to more than 200 millions, and this is probably a great exaggeration. The finances are dreadfully deranged; but the lower orders, in the opinion of the writer, whose acquaintance with Persia, Turkey, and the parts of India not British, renders him a competent judge of the fact, are comparatively more comfortable than the natives of these countries.

They shewed a marked partiality for glass bottles, although their own shops displayed every variety of porcelain and bronze. *Furriers'* shops were the next in point of number. In their dealings the copper *Tchen* is the only coin in circulation, the precious metals being received according to the weight and fineness as an article of barter rather than as a circulating medium. Dollars have only a fixed value as representing a certain quantity of silver, and the *tael*, or ounce of silver, is an imaginary coin for keeping accounts; its value is 6s. 8d. sterling. During the Ming dynasty, it is stated that paper was in circulation.

Their music is of the most miserable kind, noise being the substitute for melody. Yet the attraction at an evening place of entertainment consisted of a band of blind musicians. The principal played on a complicated instrument consisting of a box about two feet long and one broad, with two bridges, over which were stretched some strings, while others passed underneath: it had two circular apertures about the middle, and the performer used two small rods in touching the strings. It seemed the simplest form of the harpsichord, and with a guitar and fiddle made tolerable harmony.

Among their other customs we may notice the wheeling of women in wheelbarrows, as a visiting conveyance. In one instance Mr. Ellis saw two well-dressed, one on each side of the wheel; in another there was also a boy in the machine. The women, except the poorest, are all painted, and instead of roses and lilies they lay a strong carnation all over their faces, which imparts to their angu-

lar-shaped but sparkling eyes still greater brilliancy. The beggars were numerous and importunate to their countrymen, but luckily scorned to ask alms of such persons as our Embassy. They go about with a bell or a horn, and a basket; and establishing themselves in a shop, they ring the one or blow the other, till the basket is filled. An English thorough-paced pauper going to the parish for relief, could not act with more perfect assurance.

We have already noticed one of the sacrifices offered by the boatmen: these frequently occurred during the transport of the Embassy. On one occasion—

A cock was killed early in the morning, and the bows of the boat sprinkled with the blood; it was afterwards roasted, and spread with other eatables, consisting of boiled pork, salad and pickles, upon the fore-castle, before a sheet of coloured paper; a pot of *sham-shoo* (a spirit distilled from rice), with two small cups, and a pair of chop-sticks, were placed near the provisions. The son of the master of the boat officiated as priest, and the ceremony consisted in throwing two cups of the liquor and a little of the provisions overboard; some gilt paper was then burnt, and two strings of crackers discharged; the remainder of the provisions were carried away to feast upon. While this ceremony was carrying on, on the fore-castle, the women on board were burning paper and incense before the idol that always stands in a shrine in the aftermost part of the boat.

The autumnal full moon was worshipped with similar offerings, part of which are also appropriated to propitiate "the evil spirit."

One of the polite ceremonies of China consists in wearing a cap of the same description with that of a superior. Thus, though the authorities of Yang-choo-foo had put on their winter caps before the Embassy arrived in their province, they immediately resumed their summer caps when they found that Kwang (a Chin-chae!) still wore his. The time of cap-changing in every district is regulated by the chief person; at Peking the Emperor is "the glass of fashion" to regulate this momentous affair.

Of the military we have in this volume various notices. The Chinese had heard of the fame of Wellington, whom they seem to consider a great General, not only on account of his exploits, but because his name is so easy of pronunciation to them. *Woo-Ling-Tong* is accordingly a hero in China, as he is all over the rest of the globe, and were he not a foreigner, might be promoted to divine honours, as the Mandarin Quang-foot-see, to whose auspices the suppression of the late rebellion is attributed, has been by the Emperor.

It would require such another as the British Warrior to make any thing of the soldiers of China. In the northern parts they seem to be an undisciplined rabble—

Of all arms, matchlocks, bows and arrows, swords, shields, and quilted breast-plates. Their bow is shaped like the Persian bow, that is, not a continued arch; but, unlike the latter, it requires little strength to draw them; their arrows are deeply feathered, more than three feet long, with a pointed blade at the end not barbed. Chinese matchlocks (continues Mr. Ellis) are the worst I have ever seen; originally of ill construction, they are kept in such bad order, that they must become perfectly useless. The swords are short and well-shaped, being slightly curved, and do not seem bad weapons. The bow-string rests against the thumb, and for that purpose a broad ring of bone or some hard substance is worn to protect the skin.

The public executioners sometimes acted as a police, and kept off the populace with long whips: these were conical caps, the soldiers things like clouts wrapt round their heads. When military honours are decided, the men kneel to fire the salute, utter a dismal shout, and a band of music (the concord of whose sweet sounds is likened to a myriad of cracked penny trumpets) strikes up an air of national triumph.

The Chinese archers were exercised to gratify Lord Amherst, at Kua-choo.

They shot tolerably well at a target about the height of a man, using much gravity and ceremony in handling their bow and arrow; the distance was forty yards. This was followed by a few matchlock-men, who kept up a running fire, round a man, upon whom they wheeled and advanced as the pivot. The movements resembled those of light troops, and not ill executed: they loaded and fired quicker, and with more precision, than was expected from their unilitary appearance in line. All these evolutions were performed to the beat of a drum. It is not unusual at the military posts to have the places where each file is to stand chalked, to secure their keeping equal distances.

Towards Canton, the soldiers were found to wear armour; and we shall conclude our extracts respecting the military, with an account of an examination of students for a licentiate's degree in the art of war. It may be observed, that this is the middle step between Bachelor and Doctor. Our punsters about the Canon law would be quite at home here.

The place might be called a stadium of about 400 yards in length: at the upper end, a temporary hall had been erected, with an elevated throne or seat; a row of Mandarins, in their full dresses, occupied each side; but the distance at which I stood did not enable me to ascertain whether the raised part was occupied by some Mandarins, or by a representation of the Imperial presence. At the extremity opposite to the

hall, was a wall of masonry, intended as a butt for military practice; and, at a short distance in advance, a py-loo, from which the candidates, on horseback, armed with a bow and three arrows, started: the marks at which they fired, covered with white paper, were about the height of a man, and somewhat wider, placed at intervals of fifty yards; the object was to strike these marks successively with the arrows, the horses being kept at full speed. Although the bull's-eye was not always hit, the target was never missed; the distance was trifling, not exceeding fifteen or twenty feet. It appeared to me, that the skill was most displayed in charging the bow without checking the horse. The candidates were young Mandarins, handsomely dressed; their horses, trimmings, and accoutrements, were in good order; the arrows were merely pointed, without barbs, to prevent accidents, the spectators being within a few yards of the marks.

The funerals in China are, like every thing else, very ceremoniously performed. The mourners display violent and regular grief. The women attend in chairs covered with white, the mourning colour, and with caps on their heads, like the working caps of mechanics in England. The coffin, in the instance seen by our countrymen, was plain; but the frame that supported it was gilt, and made of immense beams of timber; some figures of women, nearly as large as life, and full dressed, were carried in the front.

Our travellers saw the fish-vulture employed: these birds, about the size of Muscovy ducks, are trained to dive and catch fish for their masters.

We have noticed, that on great occasions there is a particular ceremony in handing round tea. That used is a small-leaved, highly-flavoured green tea, called *yu-tien*. In the cups of the principal persons is a thin perforated silver plate, to keep the leaves down, while the infusion passes through. The cups used by Mandarins of rank resemble coffee-cups, and are placed in a wooden or metal saucer shaped like the Chinese boats.

At all the movements of the Embassy, the profusion of painted lanterns, sometimes glittering on the banks, or illuminating the buildings, or floating down the stream, had a fanciful and splendid effect. We observe little notice of the fine arts. Two horses in stone, in a stubble-field, were extremely rude in execution; but the saddles and housings were in better style. Several paintings on glass were remarked for the great brilliancy of their colouring: the designs were tolerably executed, and the subjects chosen from domestic life.

The cities of China are divided into three classes, Foo, Chow, and Hien; besides Poo, a hamlet; Chin, a military post with houses; and Tang, the post

itself. The Tartarized Chinese constitute eight classes, and are distinguished by different coloured banners. The Mantchoos, or ancient worshippers of Fo, have also eight banners; as have the Mun-kooos, who have adopted that worship since they entered China.

Having gone to such length with Mr. Ellis's volume, both by analysis and extracts, we shall neither visit Nankin with him, nor follow the whole route to Canton, where the Embassy arrived safely, and remained to the 20th of January. Thence they proceeded to Macao, and on the 3d of February reached Manilla. The shipwreck of the *Alceste* has been too minutely recorded in the periodical press to admit of any novelty from us, further than an expression of our individual admiration of the coolness, intrepidity, skill, and conduct of Capt. Maxwell, whose behaviour, under circumstances of extraordinary peril, at Pulo, surrounded by Malay pirates, was worthy the noblest character of a British seaman. The coloured view of his entrenchment here is very interesting. From Batavia, on the 12th of April, our wanderers sailed in the *Cæsar*, and anchored in Simon's Bay, Cape of Good Hope, on the 27th of May. On the 11th of June they again sailed; made St. Helena on the 27th; paid a visit to Buonaparte; left the island on the 3d of July; and arrived at Spithead on the 17th of August.

The conversations with the Ex-emperor are rather hacknied, and we shall only offer one remark on the dicta ascribed to him,—that if he had sent an embassy to China, he would have taken care to dispatch a person who would have observed all the prostrations required. We trust the difference between the Prince Regent of England and a Corsican adventurer will always be held a sufficient answer, at least in this country, for our not being prone to pursue exactly the same course; and it may be further added, that what would have been a disgrace to a British nobleman, might have been unobjectionable in one of the revolutionary dignitaries of the new order.

Towards the conclusion of the work, a slight notice is taken of Captain Maxwell's voyage towards Corea, and Coo-Choo, two kingdoms tributary to China, and his discovery of some hitherto unexplored islands; but as a separate work is advertised on this subject, we shall not anticipate the more full and accurate information.

We take our leave of Mr. Ellis, who, though not a practised writer, has afforded us much entertainment. He has composed a valuable record, which is calculated to save public money by show-

ing that no future embassy is likely to be sent to China, at least during the reign of the present monarch; for we could not send any other ambassador to do what Lord Amherst has refused, and there is no reason to expect that the ceremonious Mandarins will relax one iota in their pretensions. In this point of view the experiment is a saving one, though we think the diplomatic prudence of the author, in letting out so many secrets, very questionable.

To the literary world there is one subject of congratulation connected with this volume. It bodes a return to old prices; for it is elegant, and cheaper than any work of the kind which has been published of late years.

THE GRAVE OF THE CONVICT; published by J. HATCHARD.

An Advertisement prefixed to this little Poem endeavours to disarm Criticism of its weapon, by describing it as formed on the model of Gray's admirable *Elegy*, avoiding too close an imitation, and by no means courting a comparison. The middle danger seems to us to be its greatest: the model is excellent, the comparison, if instituted, not very disadvantageous, but the resemblance is too strong. The church-yard furnished a variety of fine and melancholy poetical images: every tomb had its separate tenant, and the discursive imagination sweeping over all in its flight, selected only those which were fittest for its pathetic touches. The last home of the convict is more limited; the subject is single, and though it may form an affecting portrait, it affords no scope for the grouping of the original. Neither are the images so beautiful from virtue and innocence. Forgiveness and not tender love is asked; forgetfulness, and not the delightful dwelling upon the sad, but pleasing, emotions connected with death.

With these disadvantages this production possesses a smoothness of versification, and a philanthropic feeling arrayed in no mean vein of poetry, which tempts us to notice its publication, and extract a specimen of its style. It thus opens:

Morn, sweetly blushing, leaves her dewy bed,
Air's thousand tongues her welcome advent tell;

But, hark, from yonder mansion of the dead
Why tells so dismally the village ball?

It was not wont thus to appal my ear,
As, with the dawn, I oft have hail'd its chime,
Or oft, at eventide, have linger'd near,

To count each stroke, that mark'd the flight
of time.

But now, through wood and glen, with heavy sound,
Its long dull echoes lead the morning breeze,

That seems in sighs to ask the hills around,
"When heard ye e'er such sickening notes as these?"

For none before this peaceful vale had known,
 Save such as speak the fleeting hour the while,
 Or such as summon, with their solemn tone,
 The neigh'ring hamlet to yon sacred pile;
 Or, huply, save some more impressive chime,
 That greets the parted spirit to its home;
 But ne'er before, through long-remembered time,
 Such sound as this had left yon village dome.
 But, hark again! it is the convict's knell,
 The warning voice of death—and lo! 'tis past;
 Now child of sorrow, quit thy prison-cell,
 Thy cup of bitterness to drain at last.

A few short moments make thy life a dream,
 Which the oblivions dawn hath chased away;
 Yet, as the vision flies, perchance a gleam
 Shall turn the coming prospect into day.

The recurrence within so short a distance of the same rhyme, "chime," and "time," is the only objection to this sweet picture of rustic happiness, contrasted with the gloom of the occasion. The remainder of the poem might, we think, have been wrought into higher interest, but the example above is a fair one of its general merits.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE AMBROSIAN LIBRARY.

One of the most interesting objects in Milan is the Ambrosian Library, founded by the celebrated Cardinal Borromeo, who modestly gave it that name, though his own justly deserved to be attached to it. The number of printed books contained in this library amounts to 140,000, among which are numerous valuable works and monuments of the typographic art: there are likewise 15,000 manuscripts, of every age, and in every language. Some have been published, and a few which were carried off by the French armies have lately been restored. Some of these manuscripts are valuable only to the man of learning; others are interesting to the simple amateur:—such, for instance, are the Latin translation of *Josephus*, by *Ruffin*, which is written on papyrus; a treatise on Perspective, by *Leonardo da Vinci*, in his own hand-writing; and a copy of *Petrarch's Trionfi*, embellished by charmingly executed miniatures. But the *Virgil* with the commentaries of *Servius* is an object of particular attraction, on account of the notes it contains, in the hand-writing of *Petrarch*. This library is greatly indebted to the zeal and activity of *M. Mai*, one of the learned men who have devoted themselves to its preservation. He is about to publish the remains of a valuable manuscript, which contained the *Iliad of Homer*, written in large and elegant characters, and adorned with paintings illustrative of the events celebrated by the poet. This precious manuscript unfortunately fell into the hands of ignorant persons, who preserved merely the paintings, as objects of amusement. The scissors have barbarously separated the intermediate lines, and the reverse is covered with silk paper; the references to the subjects are rudely written in red ink on the silk paper, where ancient scholia are likewise traced. The number of pictures must have been very considerable; fifty-eight only

remain, and they present a variety of figures, which, from the excellence of their execution, cannot be attributed to the ages of barbarism. The correct delineation of manners and customs, and minute observation to costume, attest the high antiquity of these manuscripts. *M. Millin*, in his *Voyage dans le Milanais*, lately published, observes that these MSS. must have been produced previous to the tenth century: the hand-writing is superb; the letters are uncials; the words are written without divisions, accents, or marks of aspiration; the text is conformable with that of *Aristarchus*.

LITHOGRAPHY.

The rapid improvements in the art of LITHOGRAPHY, or Engraving on Stone, to which we have repeatedly directed public attention, have now advanced so far as to claim the notice of the Continental Governments. On the 18th, the King of France issued an ordonnance on the subject, which sets forth that, "the art of Lithography has, during a very recent period, been rendered applicable in such a manner as to assimilate it entirely to impressions by moveable characters, and to those by copper-plates; and that there have been formed, for carrying on this art, establishments of the same kind as printing-offices, subject to the law of Oct. 21, 1814." To prevent the mischiefs that might result from the clandestine use of the lithographic press, it is therefore placed, like its fellows, under the statute and the general police.

But we have alluded to this procedure, not so much for any interest we have in the application of French laws to the controul of the press, as to show that in the cultivation of this valuable art, Britain is strangely behind her neighbours. We were not wont to be the last in useful inventions, and yet Lithography, which has reached such a pitch of forwardness in France, and of perfection in Germany, is still in its infancy in England. Perhaps the generality of readers are not aware of the extraordinary powers of stone engraving, to depict the most beautiful effects of landscape, and even of human expression, as well as to execute printing and writing on every scale, from the largest to the most minute. We have seen specimens from the press of Müller, at Carlsruhe, which possess, in a degree which cannot be equalled by any other process, the opposite qualities of clearness and softness. A Plan of the Duke of Baden's Palace, and Woods, Gardens, &c. has some of the finest touches that can be conceived. In this part of Germany, the art is also applied to every purpose of printing;—bills of fare, almanacks, passports, &c. &c. On one of the impressions we have seen, it is witnessed under the hand of Mr. Müller, that between 30 and 40,000 engravings had previously been taken from the same stone; and yet its sharpness and force are as distinct as in a first proof.

We believe Mr. Ackerman is trying experiments to bring Lithography to perfection in this country: its importance well merits the exercise of all our national ingenuity, for it bids fair to make a complete revolution in the arts with which it is connected.

FINE ARTS.

STYLES OF ART IN LANDSCAPE PAINTING.

Italian School.

From Greece and the classic shores of Italy we chiefly derive whatever we possess that is exalted in art. The monumental remains of Egypt and India are rather calculated to fill the mind with wonder, than to instruct it in the more regulated and softened beauties of taste.

From that ideal beauty and perfection found in the sculptured remains of antiquity, the painters of Italy obtained the models from which they wrought; and in the best state of the arts we see these models transferred to the canvas.

As these influenced their historical subjects, their landscape painting also partook of the same general character—less an imitation of individual nature than the perfection of the species.

Their compositions are arranged from the scattered remains of temples, statues, and aqueducts, which give to their landscapes the title of epic.

The distinguished painters of landscape in the Italian school, are,—Claude Lorraine—Gaspar Poussin—Francesco Bolognese, and Zuccarelli.

To these may be added, the names of Salvator Rosa—Titian—A. Carracci—F. Mola, and Domenichino.

This class of artists divided their subjects between landscape and history; the first four are exclusively esteemed painters of landscape.

CLAUDE LORRAINE.—The works of this artist are entirely epic; but it is the epic of Virgil,—sweetness and dignity, without any of those daring flights which might characterise him as the Homer of painting.

His pictures contain a great variety of objects, stretching to a vast extent, and so lost and melted into the air teint, as to become characteristic of his style: accordingly, the distances of Claude are proverbial with the connoisseur, and an object of imitation with the artist.

Hence we may also date the partiality and admiration for distant prospects, which the unskilful often take for the exclusive excellence of a view or a picture, without knowing how much the foreground adds to the value of that extent they so much admire.

There is much light in the paintings of Claude, yet with sufficient depth in his masses, which are rich, without being heavy.

His compositions are truly classic, and are seldom without architecture; the sun's place is frequently found in his pictures; and one in the possession of Mr. Angerstein, is a rare specimen of that power which could produce such a dazzling effect of light and colour, with a truth and simplicity apparent to all, yet within the reach of few.

His drawings are numerous; there is a book of them engraved after some in the possession of his Grace the Duke of Devonshire, by Mr. Earlom; they are chiefly studies for composition: we have seen others by Arthur Pond, which are doubtless fac-similes of the original drawings, and are of different

size and colour; some of them appear simply as studies from nature.

The pencil of Claude is free, distinct, and sweet, without being mannered; there is generally a good body of colour, and the marking of his foliage has none of that mechanical exactness to be met with in some of his imitators: although the flowers and plants on his foregrounds are sometimes painted with a botanical nicety of character, they do not obtrude themselves, or destroy the breadth or effect of his subject.

FRANCESCO BOLOGNESE.—in his style of composition often resembles Claude, and sometimes Gaspar Poussin, but with less variety of objects and colour: his picture of the Castle Gandolfo, from which there is a print, has a grandeur and simplicity which may rank it in the best style of Italian landscape; in which it must be observed, there is much less of distinct character, than what is found in the Flemish school.

GASPAR POUSSIN.—The same classic style of composition distinguishes this artist's works, but they do not so much abound with ancient remains as those of Claude; his subjects are more romantic; trees, rocks, and mountains, with sometimes an Italian building, furnish the materials for his compositions.

His colouring is sober and subdued, and well suited to the nature of his subjects: bold and striking effects of storm and clouds give great variety to the works of this master. He mostly introduced figures, but they are always kept down and subordinate to his landscape.

His style is distinct from that of most Italian landscape painters, but he has several imitators. Fillipo Laura is perhaps the best.

ZUCCARELLI.—In the works of this painter, we have the pastoral of modern Italy.

Rustics, cattle, and buildings furnish the chief materials for his pencil.

His style is light and brilliant, with more of system than close imitation; but it is full of sweetness and harmony. The selection of his objects; and the arrangement of his compositions, are in a good style of art, and sufficiently varied from each other.

A. CARRACCI, F. MOLA, and DOMENICHINO, have a general resemblance. The skill of Domenichino is, we think, the most distinct, as being darker in his masses and shadows, very cool and silvery in his sky and distances, to which his foreground objects are strongly opposed. In other respects the forms of their composition are very similar, as also their manner of handling or penciling; they are all in the most exalted style of art, and owe less to individual imitation, than to grandeur and simplicity.

TITIAN.—The claims of this artist to fame in landscape painting are inferior to those he presents in historical or other subjects; his landscapes are mostly painted as accessories to his figures; they are in a bold and noble style of art.

His sky and distance are sufficient to annihilate a painting of ordinary power; they were of the deepest azure, and served him as a scale to work up to: the subtleties of

gradation and air tint were little attended to, but were subservient to the general effect of his picture.

To this was added a broad and vigorous pencil, depth, brilliancy, and harmony of colour in all the power that art is capable of bringing out.

We have seen prints from the drawings of Titian, from which his landscapes appear in a character between the Italian and Flemish, but always grand and extraordinary.

SALVATOR ROSA.—The landscapes of this painter are in a style peculiarly his own, and can seldom be mistaken by any who have seen his works. It would be a sort of phenomenon to see a regular building or particular view in the works of this master. All is rock, mountain, and rugged nature. His trees are tempest-stricken, or in ruin and decay; and his figures are for the most part of the desolating kind, pirates and banditti.

His compositions are at once sublime and romantic in the highest degree: a bold and vigorous touch is the character of his pencil, and his colouring is grave and subdued. The foliage of his trees has more of manner than imitation, and rather remarkable for length of leaf. Some resemblance to Salvator may be found in the works of Rosa de Tivoli, whose back grounds are in a style of great freedom, and are at the same time bold and wild.

In concluding these brief remarks on the different styles of landscape, we are fully aware they must fall short of what might be said upon the subject at large; but we are also satisfied, that only an acquaintance with the works of the different masters, can be adequate to the purpose of knowing their styles. And we rather offer these hints as tending to show the various modes of arriving at the same end, and the different qualities belonging to and distinguishing one style of art from another.

ITALY.

MILAN, 29th AUG.—The exhibition of the works of modern artists in this city, sent in competition for the prizes, was closed yesterday. It has neither afforded a rich harvest to the amateurs, nor excited great hopes. Several landscapes deserved praise, as well as some specimens of mechanical ability in the drawing and execution. A picture, representing the story of Francesca de Rimini attracted the most attention. The Milanese nobility, though very rich, do not lay out much money in the purchase of works of Art; on the other hand, the artists find customers in the class of opulent artisans, who, in other countries, seldom employ in this manner the property they have acquired. A tailor, of the name of Galli, and a shoemaker, respectable burghers of this city, possess good collections of paintings and engravings.

Among the buildings in contemplation, is the completion of the Triumphant Arch on the road of the Simplon. Most of the blocks of marble, the capitals, and ornaments, lie ready hewn and finished. Some changes are

necessary in the bas-reliefs, as they can no longer serve to illustrate the victories of Buonaparte. There is a report that this monument will be removed to another place.

The dispute between the principal editors of the Biblioteca Italiana, unhappily still continues; three of them, Mess. Monti, Giordani, and Breislac, threaten to separate from the fourth, Mr. Acerbi; if they have not already done so. This is the more to be lamented, as this journal might have become one of the best scientific points of union for the Italian literati and men of genius, and the Austrian government was very ready to support it in that view. Another journal, published at Milan, under the title of *Lo Spettatore*, is of inferior merit. In the Geographical Institute at Milan now under the direction of the general staff at Vienna, there has been published the first sheet of a very accurate chart of the Adriatic Sea. It bears the title of *Idrografia generale del mare Adriatico, primo foglio, dell' istituto geografico militare di Milano*, laid before the Emperor of Austria, 29th January, 1816. The scale is perhaps too small for the number of soundings, shallows, and anchorage grounds that are marked on it. The margin is ornamented with plans of the principal sea-ports of the Adriatic. This first sheet represents the Adriatic from the islands of Tremiti westwards, to Macaræa on the East coast of Dalmatia. A second sheet will contain the Dalmatian coast southwards. M. Potier des Echelles, an Austrian officer of the general staff, is employed in conjunction with Colonel Visconti, director of the topographical cabinet at Naples, in measuring and making plans of the Neapolitan Coast; and the English are said to have promised their assistance to complete this interesting chart.

The Teatro de la Scala has for some weeks past been very well attended, notwithstanding the warm weather and the frequent parties in the country. This is occasioned by the two ballets of M. Viganò—Psammi, an Egyptian subject, and Myrrha. The public admire the magnificent decorations and processions of the first, and the art with which the ballet master has contrived to adopt the fable of Myrrha to pantomimic representation. The interesting action of Mademoiselle Pallerini, who acts this part, enhances the effect, and many persons are of opinion that Viganò has conceived and made use of the dramatic subject better than Alfieri in his tragedy of the same name. It is a pity that the magnificence which has become in fashion on the Italian stage, and the enormous salaries of the singers and dancers must ruin almost any managers; those of the theatre de la Scala, are forced to contribute out of their own pockets, though the Emperor subscribes annually 200,000 francs. Under the French, the money arising from farming the gaming houses was appropriated to this purpose, and served also to support some other useful establishments; such as the Conservatory of Music, &c. The general plan of study in the Austrian monarchy, is to be introduced in the Italian universities of Padua and Pavia.

ORIGINAL AND INTERESTING
NARRATIVE.

VOYAGE TO THE CONGO.

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

The boats advance through winding channels not easily passed.—An Hippopotamus seen.—Cause of the inequalities of soundings in this part of the river explained.—They reach Farquhar's island, and are visited by two female natives.—Account of a savage from the interior of the continent.—The females are treated with rum—their gratitude.

Impatient to take their departure, at twelve o'clock our navigators resumed their course, and, favoured by a light westerly breeze, crossed the channel known by the name of Mambella River; but called by the natives Boats Channel. It was, in the middle, full of dry shoals; the channels between which were uncommonly mazy and perplexing. They had one, two, three, four, and sometimes five, fathom water, till they reached Farquhar's Island, where they obtained from seven to ten fathom, close to the bank. In their passage it had been found necessary to keep the gig constantly a-head of the double-boat, while they were exploring the winding channels of the *Mambella River*. In their way across, they saw one of the species of animals called the *Hippopotamus*. The head only, appeared above the surface of the water, and from the shoals which there abounded, it was concluded that the creature must have been walking at the bottom. The irregularities of soundings which were noticed, and which have been here detailed, were asserted by the natives to be caused by numbers of these animals assembling and making holes with their feet. If this information be correct, it follows of necessity that they must be very numerous, as well as astonishingly industrious in their way.

Nothing had as yet been seen to give the Captain and his friends a very high idea of the agricultural industry and skill of the natives. It was in Farquhar's Island that they saw the first plantation of Indian corn. The appearance of it was not remarkably fine. It stood about two feet high from the ground. From this island two women came on board. One of them was well stricken in years, but the other was young; and both, from their dress, ornaments, and deportment, were supposed to belong to a superior class. Wishing to stand well with people of rank in these parts, the Captain gave them a very favourable reception. He presented them with some beads, and he also treated the ladies with a glass of rum each. A taste for spirituous liquors

is here as prevalent among the females as among the men; and although very general on the banks of the Congo, is certainly not a natural taste, nor is it always soon acquired. This was proved to the adventurers, in the case of a man, a native of the interior, who having wandered from his own country, was pursued by the inhabitants of the shores of the Congo, with a view of taking him for the purpose of selling him for a slave. They had wounded the unfortunate fainting wretch in the chase, and as no chance of escape remained for him, it occurred to Captain Tuckey that it would be an act of humanity to purchase him from those into whose hands he had fallen, and he thought it possible this man might be of service to him in some of the countries which the prosecution of the object of the expedition might lead him to explore. Acting upon these benevolent and provident considerations, the purchase was effected, and the man taken on board. This savage objected to the food offered him, that had been dressed in the English way, and would only prey upon raw flesh; but what was most remarked, was the difference between him and the natives of the coast who had been accustomed to have intercourse with Europeans, when liquors were in the way. The latter drank all they could get, with a greediness that was never satisfied, till intoxication and its usual concomitants, took from them, not the inclination but the power to swallow more. Far from participating with them in this degrading appetite, the abominable offspring of their connection with those who came from countries which are called civilized, the native of the interior, on attempting to drink a glass of brandy, was filled with wild disgust and horrible alarm, and he vehemently complained that his new acquaintances had made him put fire into his mouth.

To return from this digression;—there was nothing in common between this savage and the females now on board, so far as a relish for liquor was concerned. Far from feeling their delicacy shocked by the proffered glass of rum, each swallowed her dram with as much eagerness and satisfaction as any of their countrymen could have done. Their spirits seemed exhilarated by the draught, and they cannot be reproached for having been deficient in gratitude; for the old woman, by way of acknowledgment for the hospitable treatment they had met with, offered to leave her young companion on board, for the entertainment of the captain. The girl was nothing averse to fulfilling her part of the arrangement,

but the captain made them understand through the native on board, who acted as interpreter, that under existing circumstances he must decline availing himself of this liberal offer. The old lady appeared surprised at this, and the young one somewhat mortified at the little homage paid to her charms, and retiring from the vessel, her deportment was thought to be marked by

"Sweet, reluctant, amorous delay."

In this part of our narrative we have thrown into the form of a note a few particulars obtained from other sources; and one or two observations which they suggest.

Our informant was at Embomma at Christmas 1804, when the ship *Fanny*, of Liverpool, Captain McClivan, of 242 tons burthen, was anchored abreast of "The Big Tree," in the market-place of that town. Our trader observed the holiday with English festivity.

The pilots of Cabenda are by far the most expert on this coast, and one of that class ought to be secured for any future expedition to explore this region. We may also observe on the authority of our experienced informant, that it is by no means so uncommon for Europeans to preserve their health in these parts. He himself never had a head-ache on the coast or in the river, up which he has been five times, often ashore, holding intimate intercourse with the natives, and travelling as far in every direction as any white man has done for many years. Persons accustomed to the climate in this way would form a desirable component part of a voyage of discovery. It would be advisable also not to protest so distinctly against the slave trade being the object. Far from us be it to encourage even a shadow of that inhuman traffic, but as one traveller obtained much intelligence by pretending to be a Mussulman, it seems a harmless expedient to suffer the belief that slaves might be an object of commerce after other purposes were accomplished. This would secure the co-operation, instead of exciting the jealousy and opposition of the Africans.

We imagine that many useful precautions and much useful intelligence might be gathered from old navigators of the African coast,—even routes from the banks of the Congo towards the interior are familiar to some of them.

The water of the river is of a very injurious nature. In appearance, it is a thick, dark, muddy brown. When drunk by Europeans it brings on flux and other fatal disorders. By being exposed for a day on deck in open casks, it deposits its sediment however, and if treated with a small quantity of lime, becomes a wholesome and safe beverage.

During the rainy season, from October to March, the Congo swells prodigiously, and the current gets very strong. Islands of grass, reeds, bushes, and trees, on the low swampy lands on its margin, are swept into the ocean, and our informant has seen them of a mile and a half in extent, which had been carried out 200 miles from the mouth

of the river. By and by they were separated and dissolved by the action of the waves, and either sunk or became an undistinguishable wreck.

TOM LIVERPOOL, the *Gentleman* mentioned as one of Captain Tuckey's early visitors, was known to the individual from whom we have these particulars. He was once kidnapped and carried to Charleston, in America, whence he was redeemed by the mercantile house of Boyd and Co., London, and restored to his native country.

It was either at Loango, or at Booma, (we have not kept a distinct note of the name,) that our informant witnessed the funeral obsequies of a Chief. A sort of tent was erected, in which the corpse was exposed on an inclined plane, elevated at top. Here, at the head of his father, stood a fine boy, of about eleven years of age, and four other children, about the same time of life, were ranged on each side, with one at the feet. At a signal given by the son, at regular intervals, each struck a piece of sonorous wood, and at the close a lament was uttered, consisting of the repetition in the most melancholy tone of the monosyllable *aww!* *aww!* This form was continued during the whole period the body lay in state. There were also other ceremonies. A neighbouring Chief, accompanied by a train of his followers, came to pay his last respects to his departed friend. These consisted of a wild and savage dance, or rather series of contortions, performed in a circle round the dead. They writhed themselves into every possible form, and uttered the most dismal cries for two hours, after which they departed. The European visitors had not time to stay the conclusion of the funeral rites.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

CAMBRIDGE.—Friday the 10th being the first day of term, the following gentlemen were appointed University Officers for the year ensuing:

Proctors.—Rev. Edward Rene Payne, Fellow of King's coll.; Rev. Thomas S. Hughes, Fellow of Emman. coll.

Tutors.—Rev. Jeremy Day, Fellow of Caius coll.; Rev. Mr. Michell, Fellow of Emman. coll.

Moderators.—Rev. Fearon Fallows, Fellow of St. John's coll.; Rev. William French, Fellow of Pembroke hall.

Scrutators.—Rev. G. C. Renouard, Fellow of Sidney coll.; Rev. Joseph Shaw, Fellow of Christ Coll.

The following gentlemen were on Sunday last appointed the *Caput*:

The Vice-Chancellor.—Rev. John Kaye, D. D. Christ coll. *Divinity*.—Rev. E. D. Clarke, LL. D. Jesus coll. *Law*.—John Haviland, M. D. St. John's coll. *Physic*.—Rev. T. Catton, B. D. St. John's coll. *Sen. Non. Reg.*—Rev. Henry Rose, M. A. Clare hall. *Sen. Regent*.

The following gentlemen were on Friday last admitted to the undermentioned degrees:

Doctor in Civil Law.—Philip Hunt, of Trinity college.

Bachelors of Arts.—Samuel Smith, Fellow

of King's coll.—Peter Cator, of Trinity coll.—Thomas Burch Western, of Trinity coll.—John Philips, of Trinity coll.—T. Frere, of St. John's coll.—William Somerville, of St. Peter's coll.—Edward Newcome, of Jesus coll.—Charles Joseph Orman, of Sidney coll.—George Porcher, of Emmanuel coll.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE DEAD SEA.

The wind blows chill across those gloomy waves—

Oh! how unlike the green and dancing main!
The surge is foul, as if it rolled o'er graves;—
Stranger! here lie the CITIES OF THE PLAIN!

Yes; on that waste, by wild waves covered now,
Rose palace proud, and sparkling pinnacle:
On pomp and festival beam'd morning's glow;
On pomp and festival the twilight fell.

Lovely, and splendid all;—but SODOM'S soul
Was stained with blood, and pride, and perjury;

Long warn'd, long spared, till her whole heart
was foul,
And fiery vengeance on its clouds came nigh.

And still she mocked, and danced, and taunting spoke

Her sportive blasphemies against the THRONE:—

It came!—the thunder on her slumber broke,
God spake the word of wrath—her dream was done!

Yet, in her final night, amid her stood
Immortal messengers, and pausing Heaven
Pleaded with man, but she was quite emburied;
Her last hour waned, she scorned to be forgiven!

'Twas done!—down poured at once the sulphurous shower;
Down stooped in flame the heaven's red canopy;

Oh, for the arm of God in that fierce hour!
'Twas vain; nor help of God or man was nigh.

They rush, they bound, they howl! the men of sin!

Still stooped the cloud, still burst the thicker blaze:

The earthquake heaved! then sank the hideous din—

Yon wave of darkness o'er their ashes strays.

PARIS! thy soul is deeper dyed with blood,
And long and blasphemous has been thy day;

And, PARIS, it were well for thee, that flood
Or fire could cleanse thy damning stains away.

PULCI.

FROM THE LEGEND OF MONA; A MS. Poem.

BY MRS. HENRY ROLLS.

Round Mona's Isle the billows sleep,
And sparkles bright the dancing spray,
As each wild rock and craggy steep,
Is silver'd by the moon's soft ray.
Light floats the sea-gull on the tide,
The wearied fisher sinks to rest;
And not a cloud is seen to glide,
Reflected on the ocean's breast.

It was by an error of the press that this lady was designated Mrs. Mary Rolls, in the title to the beautiful verses "Vision of Speckbacher," in our No. XXXVI.

But o'er the skies, so calm, so fair,
What sounds of melting music flow,
That, rising o'er the midnight air,
Pours the soft notes of love and woe?

No mortal voice such notes can raise,
As float along these moon-light skies,
Whose sounds the ocean's breath obeys,
And hush'd beneath its influence dies.

Now sailing round yon lofty tower,
Is heard the sweet, the solemn strain;
It swells o'er beauteous Bertha's bower,
Then dies in murmurs o'er the main.

Can minstrel's harp those notes repeat,
Or bard in loftiest numbers tell,
What was that song so strange, so sweet,
That breath'd that wild, that sad farewell?

To minstrel's harp it ne'er was given,
To pour a pure celestial strain;
To catch the song that flows from heaven,
Must loftiest bard essay in vain.

Then thou!—the lowest of that race,—
The vain, the fond attempt forego;
Contented through life's vale to trace,
The varying scenes of bliss and woe.

Now rose the morn and o'er the tide,
Is spread the bright, the smiling ray;
And swift the bark is seen to glide,
That bears the Lord of Colonsay.

The breezes swell the snowy sail,
And foams the wave around the oar;
The lover chides the languid gale,
And anxious views the distant shore.

High swells his heart with love—with pride
United,—can those passions reign?
Ah! there is seen his beauteous bride,
And round is spread her wide domain.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

TOPOGRAPHY OF ATHENS.

REV. R. J. BURROW IN ANSWER TO MR. WILKINS.

To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.

Sir, I know not how far the pages of your Journal may be open to any communications which bear the character of literary controversy, but I trust that it is not presuming too much upon your impartiality, to request admission for the following reply to an article published in your 37th Number, on the *Topography of Athens*, by Mr. Wilkins.

It is but justice to Mr. Wilkins, and to myself, to endeavour to show him, that I have not trifled with his opinion, but that when I have differed from him, it has been upon conviction of his being in error—a conviction founded on a comparison of his words with the authorities he quotes, and with authorities which he does not quote.

Pursuing as closely as I can the course of his remarks, I will begin by admitting most cheerfully the advantage which he possesses over myself, in having acquired his knowledge of Athens from personal observation. It is a superiority which I envy him; and I have no desire to depreciate its value: still less am I disposed to question his professional talents, or the

benefit of their operation on certain subjects; but I still think that "a trip to Greece is not a qualification *absolutely requisite*" to enable me to make a fair conjecture on the probable sense of a classic author, or to judge of the Topography of Athens "as a whole," when "the parts in detail" have been so ably delineated and described as they have been in the splendid work of Stuart and Revett. Mr. Wilkins supposes, that I "may delude" myself into a belief that I am qualified, without having been an eye-witness of the scene, to *illustrate* the History and Topography of Athens; now, I only professed to *illustrate* "the ELGIN MARBLES," and, if possible, render them more interesting, by putting together such particulars as were furnished me by ancient and modern authors, relative to the history and topography of the renowned city, which they had so eminently adorned. Where the authors were at variance, I by no means pledged myself to rely implicitly on either one, but, as was reasonable in such a case, took the liberty of judging which of them appeared to be best supported. Had I controverted a statement of Mr. Wilkins, with respect to the proportions or mode of structure of any building which he had examined, I confess that I might justly be accused of having fallen into a "delusion," with regard to my own qualifications, precisely similar to that which might be attributed to an architect who should categorically decide upon the merit of sculptured marbles, in opposition to the unanimous opinion of all those persons, whose skill in *their* profession must render them unquestionable judges of true excellence in the imitative arts. Mr. Wilkins cannot, surely, conceive my meaning, in the passage to which he alludes, to be, that the vestiges of ancient buildings "are scarcely discernable upon the Acropolis and plain of Athens," for that were indeed to make my pen most absurdly contradict my pencil; but those ruins of the city, which I have figured from Stuart, and which I have stated to be in actual existence, do present mere "vestiges, scarcely discernible, of its ancient splendour." Compare but the few, very few, perfect columns, which now just point out the site of porticoes and temples with the innumerable edifices and throng of statues, which astonished the world in the age of Pericles or Hadrian, and "the fallacy" of my "delusion" may not seem so obvious.

With regard to the first matter mentioned by Mr. Wilkins, in which I have ventured to dissent from him, I would not now enter into the full discussion

of which it will admit, because I have occasion to refer to it again in the second volume of "The Elgin Marbles," which will shortly be laid before the public. I shall merely hint, that the question of the precise spot at which the Persians made their escalade, turns upon the very point on which we are at issue. If "the literally meaning, *behind* the approach or road," be unintelligible to Mr. Wilkins, we must remain at issue; but, I confess, it appears very intelligible to me, that the South door of St. Paul's Cathedral is as much *behind* (ὑποσθεν) the Western entrance, with reference to the front, as a door, if there were one, at the East end would be. Again, I cannot but respect the testimony of Ulpian, who states decisively that the Athenians in gratitude to the heroine Agraules, who had sacrificed herself for the welfare of her country, *ιερόν ὑπὲρ τοῦτου ἐστήσαντο αὐτῇ περὶ τὰ προπύλαια τῆς ἀκροπόλεως*. However wrong I may be in assigning to the temple of Agraules a site "near the Propylea," in conformity with the above account, thus differing from Mr. Wilkins, I have yet the satisfaction of knowing that, although I may have chosen an unaccredited guide, I have not strayed from one who is *infallible*. It is true that a battle of Athenians and Amazons might appropriately, and perhaps did, ornament the frieze of the sepulchre of Hippolytus; but it does not follow that the little Ionic building of which we speak, was that sepulchre, for the simple reason—that the sculptured stones belonging to it, which are now in the British Museum, do *not* bear one trace of an Amazon throughout the bas-relief. The eye of an antiquary should discern at once, that the figures which might to common observers appear feminine, are in fact dressed in the well-known costume of *barbarians*.

May I not be permitted to retort Mr. Wilkins's own words, and say, that it was "incumbent" upon him to inspect the frieze "before venturing to decide, in the manner he has done, that I am wrong and he is right?"

As to the "allocation" of the Erechtheum, I would assure Mr. Wilkins that my opinion was chiefly founded on particulars furnished by himself. He says, speaking of the different levels of the ground, "under these circumstances the statues were placed upon a continued pedestal elevated upon three steps so as to be more than eight feet above the ground." In a note he adds, "During the time I resided at Athens, Lord Elgin excavated this portico, and discovered several steps leading down to a door-way

in the South wall of the Pandroseum;" that is, according to his ideas, in the South wall of the main building, to which the small structure supported by figures was attached. Now, am I not justified in asserting from this description, "that the construction" of the "little building permitted no passage from without?" A door in the wall between the two buildings most assuredly allowed of a passage from one to the other, but not from *without*, not from the adjacent ground. As Mr. Wilkins had declared the pedestal to be a continued one, it was not for me to suppose that it was interrupted by an entrance. It still remains to be explained how "several steps" can "lead down" from one building to another, the floors of which are "nearly level;" or how the existence of a stair-case in the interior of a room, conducting to a door in the North side of it, absolutely *requires* an aperture on the East, West, or South. I am quite willing to concede to Mr. Wilkins, that it would be a great advantage to be enabled to determine this matter from ocular observation; but I must beg for a little concession in return, viz. that if persons who have it in their power to examine ancient monuments, would give a clear and consistent description of them, others who have not the same advantage might not find it so necessary "a qualification," to have visited them, in order to form a sufficiently accurate idea of their present state and former destination. In fact, I preferred the conjecture of Mr. Stuart to that of Mr. Wilkins, because I conceived the former to be more consistent with the text of Pausanias than the latter; and I still think so. Should I procure more distinct information with regard to the impossibility of the outer building being the Pandroseum, I shall feel no difficulty in acknowledging my error. In the mean time, I must be allowed to dissent from Mr. Wilkins *even* in his interpretation of the word *προσάγει* as a "*portico*." In the first place, M. Visconti, who must have paid minute attention to the meaning of the inscription, did not consider it in this light, or he would not unhesitatingly have said, "Or cette même inscription nous apprend que les Caryatides qui soutiennent encore aujourd'hui dans le temple de Pandrose, le plafond sous lequel étoit abrité l'antique olivier de Minerve," &c. Dr. Chandler renders the passage, with which Mr. Wilkins would overwhelm me, "in fronte Cecropium versus." In the next place I submit that even the word *προσάγει*, from *προσάγωμι*,

is a generic and not a specific term, and would signify any building attached to the front of another; moreover *προσῆς* will give *προσῆδος* in the dative, and not *προσῆσει*, which comes from *πρόσῆσις*. I can find no authority for construing *πρόσῆσις* a *portico*.

It were needless to enter here into any remarks on the correctness of Mr. Wilkins's version of "the Athenian Inscription." When he makes public his further observations on its Palæography, he will doubtless elucidate the cause of some alterations which at present is a little inexplicable.

Having shewn that my disagreement with Mr. Wilkins on one or two points in the Topography of Athens, did not arise either from attention to his text, or from want of a due administration of his talents, he will not, I trust, object to my collating his opinion with that of other antiquaries; and, allowing myself to be as liable to error, or much more so than he, to point out to my readers those particular instances in which I do not think his conjectures so well supported as they usually are by authorities and facts.

G. I. BURROW.

Euston Square, Oct. 17. 1817.

LETTERS ON SWEDEN.

BY BARON BURGOING.*

LETTER II.

To the Countess of E——.

Stockholm, Aug. 28, 180*.

Gottenburg is the second town in Sweden, and, including the suburbs, has a population of from 20 to 24,000 souls. The town is pretty, and its situation agreeable, though every where surrounded by blackish rocks, some of which command it so closely, that it would be almost impossible to defend Gottenburg on the land side. The appearance of these rocks is picturesque, but at the same time gloomy; but those who travel in Sweden must accustom themselves to them. They are met with every where, under a thousand shapes and forms. Here they interrupt the course of the rivers, there they become a firm bottom for the high roads. In some towns, for instance, in Stockholm, they serve for the foundations of the houses, and are likewise used for the pavements of the streets. Through twenty narrow channels the Baltic sea attempts to break into Sweden, and sees its waves checked by steep dams of granite, for the rocks which surround Sweden on all sides are solid granite, so that if it did not sound too extravagant, it might be said, with a certain honest Gascon, "that Sweden was only a block of granite, on which nature had strewed here and there a few handfuls of earth."

The greatest number of the houses in Gottenburg are composed of boards. Since the last fire in the town, an order of the

King forbids the building of any more with wood. This order is confined to Gottenburg and Stockholm. For the rest of Sweden it would be the same as a general prohibition against building, for the species of stone fit for that purpose, is as scarce in this country as wood is in abundance, and nobody has yet thought of working the immense quarries of the granite. But do not imagine that these wooden houses are like those which are common in Germany, and in other countries where the frame work only is of wood, and this filled up with brick or stones, which are cemented by mortar. No! the greatest part of the Swedish houses are made entirely of wood, without any other material. But the foundation—foundation? they have none. A Swedish house is a great chest, consisting of rough-hewn beams laid over each other, and painted red. Where the beams do not exactly fit, the intervals are filled up with moss, or tow, and the whole rests upon four or six great stones, of nearly equal thickness. These alone constitute the foundation. From all this you may conceive that the Swedes possess portable-houses, (in the literal sense of the expression.) One might call them land ships, but they are of a more simple construction than the rudest bark. If I find, therefore, one that pleases me, do not wonder if I have it taken down, embarked with me, and land with it just before your door. In this case, I first ask your permission, before hand, to have it put together again in your neighbourhood, and to welcome you to it, at least for some moments. I cannot pretend to a patent for the invention, because there are already many instances in Sweden, especially in the seaports, of people having ordered little wooden houses, in which they dwell at the distance of 150 to 200 leagues from the place where they were framed.

But to return to Gottenburg! It is only a trading town, and nothing more. There are no public monuments. Some charitable foundations excepted,—the greater number of its other establishments are dedicated to trade: four churches, among them, one German; and the barracks for the two regiments in garrison here; together with the handsome magazines of the East-India Company, are the only remarkable buildings. The magazines themselves contain chiefly the teas which the company receive from China. Twelve English mercantile houses, which are established here, carry on the trade with England, almost exclusively, to their own great advantage and the detriment of the natives. There are but a few French houses, which have followed their example. The two mentioned to me were those of Fournier and Yvon. Of Germans, whose industry usually makes its way every where, there are but very few here. Diversity of pleasures, social enjoyments, agreeable intercourse, (in one word, none of those beautiful and charming recreations, by which you are surrounded,) are to be looked for in Gottenburg. With a few exceptions, you hear nothing spoken of but so many ships, so many pounds of iron, the fisheries, particularly of herrings, and the price of East-India goods. For persons who are not in business, it is

not the most agreeable conversation! Among those, whose sentiments on other subjects are interesting, is the Bishop, a sensible, well-informed man, to whom the late King gave the See of Gottenburg, as a reward for his zeal in his service. I may say more of him on my return. Adieu.

BIOGRAPHICAL PORTRAITS.

MR. CURRAN.

JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN was born near the village of Newmarket, in the County of Cork in Ireland, about the middle of the last century, of a family certainly far from opulent, but apparently of those respectable habits and acquirements which, not unfrequent in the obscurity of Irish life, yet argue competence. With the usual and spirited feeling of the people, CURRAN's parents gave him the education of a gentleman; he acquired a knowledge of the Classics so sufficient as to have lasted him through life, and with little subsequent leisure for their study, he was rich and happy in quotation down to his closing display at the bar. He made his way through the Dublin University by the exertion of this early knowledge, obtained a *Scholarship*, a distinction obtainable only by a small number of the more accomplished students of two and three years' standing; and on taking his degree of A. B., gave way to the usual captivity of a Fellowship, and was near yoking his fiery spirit to the wheel. He was repelled by the unsuitableness of the preparatory studies to his tastes, and soon relinquished an object which, perfectly meritorious and honourable in its appropriate hands, would have been unfitted for a mind originally nerved for the brilliant prizes of public conflict. From this plan of lonely study he seems to have been flung back with the reaction of strong, original propensities, suddenly released from strong restraint. He became a writer of poetry and political essays in the miry journals of a time remarkable for nothing but blundering faction; he went farther, and commenced society by forming a club of festive and pauper fellow students. It would be curious to follow the various obscurities through which those convivialists wound their future way up to the world. Each had a different exfoliation, all equally disheartening prospects, and nearly all found themselves at last let out upon the general eye near the same point of eminence. CURRAN was now cheered, and made an advance; he hired an attic, and to complete his distinctions and his difficulties, took a wife. The part of his history connected with this lady is

* This name was by an error printed Burgoing in our last Number.

the least favourable to his fame. The respect and fondness which subsist through many a year of mutual uncertainty and struggle, are sometimes furiously tried by prosperity. The memory of CURRAN'S domestic life may have been among the most painful retrospections of a mind of his deep sensibility. That wife survives him: there is the strongest reason to believe that she was maligned, and the purity and uncomplaining retirement in which she has passed the long period since their separation, form an almost convincing contrast to the troubled and disappointed wanderings of her celebrated husband. But if men of great genius often perish disheartened by neglect, and reluctant to take the baser means of prosperity, fortune comes, like the day, to all. If the naked and noble irritability of the superior mind makes it feel the visitations of the night more mortal, it administers to its quicker and more living sensation of the rising sunshine. Some accident on circuit revealed the man who was yet to start up into the loftiest stature of Irish talent. CURRAN was soon in the House of Commons, and remarkable among the finest circle of men that Ireland had ever thrown round her doubtful cause. His practice at the bar now increased rapidly, and he brought into the house the provocations and rivalries which stirred him at the bar. The man whom he stung most indefatigably and deeply was a powerful antagonist, FITZGIBBON, afterwards *Lord Chancellor*. This contest was a perpetual display of great legal strength, perhaps invigorated by great natural arrogance, committed against envenomed genius; and the House often paused to look upon a contest in which no man could decide between the lordly and stern vigour that could neither attack nor be overthrown, and the fierce energy, that, always on the wing, pounced down upon it with incessant persecution, surely marking the vital place, and, on the first motion of pursuit, wheeling upwards into a region all its own. In 1780, CURRAN eminently distinguished himself in the parliamentary labours which ensued in the Constitution. The bar subsequently engrossed him. His chief employment lay in cases requiring peculiar oratorical exhibition. A considerable number of his speeches have been published, but in a decidedly inadequate state. In 1806, after the total cessation of those public questions to which he was bound as a party man, and the accession of his friends to the ministry, he accepted the place of *Master of the Rolls* in Ireland, an appointment of 5000*l.* a year.

He retained it until 1815, when his health required a cessation from its laborious attendance, and he retired on a pension of half the salary. He had for some time passed through the watering places with the season, and lately fixed himself at Brompton, where he occasionally indulged in society, and was, to his last sparkle, the most interesting, singular and delightful of all table companions. During the present year he had suffered two slight apoplectic strokes. On the Thursday preceding his death, he had dined abroad with a party; he was seized with apoplexy early next morning, and continued speechless, though in possession of his senses, till the early part of Tuesday the 14th, when he sank into lethargy, and towards evening died with scarcely a struggle; in nearly his 70th year. CURRAN'S exterior was not prepossessing on a first view. His figure was meagre and undersized; and his physiognomy, though obviously that of an acute man, conveyed no impression either of dignity or beauty. But he had an eye of deep black, intense and intellectual; and when he was engaged and interested in speaking, his countenance changed into living, ardent, almost brilliant animation. He has left two daughters and three sons, and among them a large portion of hereditary genius. His eldest son was his deputy in the *Rolls*; his second son is in the naval service; and his third has been lately called to the bar, with peculiar amiableness of private character, and much promise of professional distinction.

From the period in which Curran emerged from the first struggles of an unfriended man, labouring up a jealous profession, his history makes a part of the annals of his country; once upon the surface, his light was always before the eye, it never sank, and was never outshone. With great powers to lift himself beyond the reach of that tumultuous and stormy agitation that mots involve the movers of the public mind in a country such as Ireland then was, he loved to cling to the heavings of the wave; he at least never rose to that tranquil elevation in which his early contemporaries had, one by one climbed; and never left the struggle till the storm had gone down, it is to be hoped for ever. This was his destiny, but it might have been his choice, and he was not without the reward which, to an ambitious mind, conscious of its eminent powers, might be more than equivalent to the reluctant patronage of the Throne. To his habits, legal distinctions would have been only a bounty upon his silence. His limbs would have been fettered by the ermine. But he had the compensation of boundless popular honour, much respect from the higher ranks of party, much admiration and much fear from the lower partisans. In Parliament he was the assailant most dreaded; in the Law Courts he was the advocate whose assistance was

deemed the most essential: in both he was an object of all the more powerful passions of man, but rivalry. He stood alone, and shone alone.

The connexions of his early life, and still more the native turn of his feelings, threw him into the ranks of Opposition; in England a doubtful cause and long separable from patriotism—in Ireland, at that day, the natural direction of every man of vigorous feeling and heedless genius. Ireland had been, from causes many and deep, an unhappy country. For centuries, utterly torpid, or only giving signs of life by the fresh gush of blood from her old wounds, the influence of England's well-intentioned policy was more than lost upon her; it was too limited to work a thorough reformation, but too strong not to irritate;—it was the application of the actual cautery to a limb, while the whole body was a gangrene. But a man who loved the influence of this noblest of countries might hate the Government of Ireland; it was a rude Oligarchy. The whole influence of the State was in the hands of a few great families. Those were the true farmers-general of Ireland; and the English Minister, pressed by the business of an empire then beginning to expand over half the world, was forced to take their contract on their own terms. The Viceroy was their Viceroy, only the first figure in that deplorable triumph which led all the hopes and virtues of the country in chains behind the chariot wheels of a haughty faction. It was against this usurpation that the Irish minority rose up in naked but resolute patriotism. The struggle was not long, they hewed their way through the hereditary armour of their adversaries, with the vigour of men leagued in such a cause, and advanced their standard till they saw it waving without one to answer it. In this homage to an admirable time there is no giddy praise of popular violence. The Revolution of 1780, was to Ireland, what the Revolution of a century before had been to the paramount country, a great and reviving effort of nature to throw off that phantom which sat upon her breast, and gave her the perception of life only by the struggles that must have closed in stagnation and death. The policy of the English Minister was too enlarged to offer resistance to an impulse awakened on English principles. For him a great service had been done; the building which he had wished to shake, was cast down in dust, and the soil left open for the visitation of all the influences of good government. The country had lain before his eye a vast commonage, incapable of cultivation, and breeding only the rank and pernicious fertility of a neglected morass; but he had dreaded to disturb its multitude of lordly pauperism, and hereditary plunder. It was now cleared and enclosed for him, a noble expanse for the outpouring of all that civilization could give to its various and magnificent nature. The history of those years is yet to be written;—whenever the temple is to be erected, the name of Curran must be among the loftiest on its portal.

But the time of those displays which raised him to his highest distinction as an orator, was of a darker shade. His country

had risen like the giant of Scripture, refreshed with wine; her vast, original powers doubly excited by an elating but dangerous draught of liberty. She had just reached that state in which there is the strongest demand for the wisdom of the Legislator. The old system had been disbanded, but the whole components of its strength survived. The spirit of clanship was still up and girded with its rude attachments;—the hatred of English ascendancy had sheathed the sword, but kept it still keen, and only waiting the word to leap from the scabbard;—the ancient Irish habits of daring gratification among all ranks, the fallen estate of that multitude who had lived on the pay of political intrigue, the reckless poverty of that overwhelming population to which civil rights could not give bread, all formed a mass of discordant but desperate strength, which only required a sign.—The cross was at length lifted before them, and it was the lifting of a banner to which the whole darkened host looked up, as to an omen of assured victory. The Rebellion was met with manly promptitude, and the country was set at peace. Curran was the leading counsel in the trials of the conspirators, and he defended those guilty and misguided men with a vigour and courage of talent, less like the emulation of an advocate, than the zeal of a friend. He had known many of them in the intercourses of private life, some of them had been his early professional associates. A good man and a good subject might have felt for them all. The English leveller is a traitor, the Irish rebel might have been a patriot. Among us, the revolutionist sets fire to a city, a great work of the wise industry, and old, established convenience of man, a place of the temple and the palace, the treasures of living grandeur, and the monuments of departed virtue. He burns, that he may plunder among the ruins. The Irish rebel threw his fire-brand into a wilderness, and if the conflagration rose too high, and consumed some of its statelier and more solid ornaments, it was sure to turn into ashes the inveterate and tangled undergrowth that had defied his rude industry. This was the effervescence of heated and untaught minds. The world was to be older, before it learned the curse and unhappy end of the reform that begins by blood. The French Revolution had not then given its moral. It was still to the eyes of the multitude, like the primal vision in the Apocalypse, a glorious shape coming forth in unstained robes, conquering and to conquer for the world's happiness; it had not yet, like that mighty emblem, darkened down through all its shapes of terror, till it moved against the world, Death on the pale horse, followed by the unchained spirits of human evil, and smiting with plague and famine, and the sword.

Some criticism has been wasted on the presumed deficiencies of Curran's speeches on those memorable trials. Throwing off the public fact that those speeches were all uncorrected copies, Curran was of all orators the most difficult to follow by transcription. His elocution, rapid, exuberant and figurative, in a signal degree, was often com-

pressed into a pregnant pungency which gave a sentence in a word. The word lost, the charm was undone. But his manner could not be transferred, and it was created for his style. His eye, hand, and form were in perpetual speech. Nothing was abrupt to those who could see him, nothing was lost, except when some flash would burst out, of such sudden splendour as to leave them suspended and dazzled too strongly to follow the lustrous that shot after it with restless illumination. Of Curran's speeches, all have been impaired by the difficulty of the period, or the immediate circumstances of their delivery. Some have been totally lost. His speech on the trial of the two principal conductors of the conspiracy, the Shear's, barristers and men of family, was made at midnight, and said to have been his most masterly effusion of pathetic eloquence. Of this no remnant seems to have been preserved. The period was fatal to their authenticity. When Erskine pleaded, he stood in the midst of a secure nation, and pleaded like a priest of the temple of justice, with his hand on the altar of the Constitution, and all England below prepared to treasure every fantastic oracle that came from his lips. Curran pleaded, not on the floor of a shrine, but on a scaffold, with no companions but the wretched and culpable men who were to be plunged from it hour by hour, and no hearers but the multitude, who crowded anxious to that spot of hurried execution, and then rushed away glad to shake off all remembrance of scenes which had agitated and torn every heart among them. It is this which puts his speeches beyond the estimate of the closet. He had no thought of studying the cold and marble graces of scholarship. He was a being embarked in strong emergency, a man and not a statue. He was to address men, of whom he must make himself the master. With the living energy, he had the living and regardless variousness of attitude. Where he could not impel by exhortation, or overpower by menace, he did not disdain to fling himself at their feet, and conquer by grasping the hem of their robe. For this triumph he was all things to all men. His wild wit, and far-fetched allusions, and play upon words, and extravagant metaphors, all repulsive to our cooler judgments, were wisdom and sublimity before the Juries over whom he waved his wand. Before a higher audience he might have been a model of sustained dignity;—mingling with those men he was compelled to speak the language that reached their hearts. Curran in the presence of an Irish Jury was first of the first. He skirmished round the field, tried every point of attack with unsuspected dexterity, still pressing on, till the decisive moment was come, when he developed his force, and poured down his whole array in a mass of matchless strength, grandeur, and originality. It was in this originality that a large share of his fascination consisted. The course of other great public speakers may in general be predicted from their outset, but in this man, the mind always full, was always varying the direction of its exuberance; it was no regular stream, rolling down in a smooth and

straight-forward volume;—it had the wayward beauty of a mountain torrent, perpetually delighting the eye with some unexpected sweep through the wild and the picturesque, always rapid, always glancing back sunshine, till it swelled into sudden strength, and thundered over like a cataract. For his noblest images there was no preparation, they seemed to come spontaneously, and they came mingled with the lightest products of the mind. It was the volcano, flinging up in succession curls of vapour, and fiery rocks; all from the same exhaustless depths, and with the same unmeasured strength to which the light and the massive were equal. The writer had the fortune to hear some of those speeches, and repeats it, that to feel the full genius of the man, he must have been heard. His eloquence was not a studiously sheltered and feebly fed flame, but a torch blazing only with the more breadth and brilliancy, as it was the more broadly and boldly waved; it was not a lamp, to live in his tomb. His printed speeches lie before us, full of the errors that might convict him of an extravagant imagination and a perverted taste. But when those are to be brought in impeachment against the great orator, it must be remembered, that they were spoken for a triumph, which they gained; that we are now pausing over the rudeness and unwieldiness of the weapons of the dead, without reference to the giant's hand that with them drove the field. Curran's carelessness of fame has done this dishonour to his memory. We have but the fragments of his mind and are investigating those glorious reliques, separate and mutilated like the sculptures of the Parthenon; while they ought to have been gazed on where the great master had placed them, where all their shades and foreshortenings were relief and vigour, image above image, rising in proportioned and consecrated beauty; as statues on the face of a temple.

His career in Parliament was less memorable. But the cause lay in no deficiency of those powers which give weight in a legislative assembly. In the few instances in which his feelings took a part, he excited the same admiration which had followed him through his professional efforts. But his lot had been cast in the courts of law, and his life was there. He came into the House of Commons wearied by the day, and reluctant to urge himself to exertions rendered less imperious by the crowd of able men who fought the battle of Opposition.—His general speeches in Parliament were the sports of the moment, the irresistible overflow of a humorous disdain of his adversary. He left the heavy arms to the habitual combatants, and amused himself with light and hovering hostility. But his shaft was dreaded, and its subtlety was sure to insinuate its way, where there was a mortal pang to be wrung. With such gifts what might not such a man have been, early removed from the low prejudices, and petty factions, and desperate objects that thickened the atmosphere of public life in Ireland, into the large prospects, and noble and healthful aspirations that elated the spirit in this country, then rising to that summit emi-

nence from which the world at last lies beneath her. If it were permitted to enter into the recesses of such a mind, some painful consciousness of this fate would probably have been found, to account for that occasional irritation and spleen of heart, with which he shaded his public life, and disguised the homage which he must have felt for a country like England. It must have been nothing inferior to this bitter sense of utter expulsion, which could have made such a being, gazing upon her unclouded glory, lift his voice only to tell her how he hated her beams. He must have mentally measured his strength with her mighty men; Burke and Pitt and Fox were then moving in their courses above the eyes of the world, great luminaries, passing over in different orbits, but all illustrating the same superb and general system. He had one moment not unlike theirs. But the Irish Revolution of 1780 was too brief for the labours or the celebrity of patriotism, and this powerful and eccentric mind, after rushing from its darkness just near enough to be mingled with, and glow in the system, was again hurried away to chillness and shadow beyond the gaze of mankind.

The details of Curran's private life are for the biographer. But of that portion which, lying between public labours and domestic privacy, forms the chief ground for the individual character, we may speak with no slight panegyric. Few men of his means of inflicting pain could have been more reluctant to use them; few men, whose lives passed in continual public conflict, could have had fewer personal enemies; and perhaps no man of his time has left sincerer regrets among his personal friends. He was fond of encouraging the rising talent of his profession, and gave his advice and his praise ungrudgingly, wherever they might kindle or direct a generous emulation. As a festive companion he seems to have been utterly unequalled,—without a second or a similar;—and has left on record more of the happiest strokes of a fancy, at once classic, keen, and brilliant, than the most habitual wit of the age. It may yet be a lesson worth the memory of those who feel themselves neglected by nature, that, with all his gifts, Curran's life was not that one which would satisfy a man desirous of being happy. But let no man imagine that the possession of the most fortunate powers is an excuse for error, still less an obstruction to the sense of holy obedience; our true emblem is in the archangel, bending with the deepest homage, as he rises the highest in intellectual glory.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

MACBETH.—On Monday, Macbeth was performed at this Theatre. Except love and jealousy there is hardly one of the great human passions that form the bases of tragedy, which are not called for and painted with a master hand in this noble play. Ambition, Pride, Remorse, Conjugal and filial love, Wretchedness, Despair, Supernatural visitings, triumphant Guilt, Madness, and Horror, are all wrought, in admirable gradations, into one compound of astonish-

ing beauty and interest, as well as of prodigious force and elevation. The highest histrionic talents are required to reach the pitch of this sublime composition, and the London public have often seen such exerted to the utmost in portraying the powerful images of our immortal bard. We have had but one Shakespeare, and the present generation may add, "but one Lady Macbeth." That important character was on Monday attempted by Miss Campbell, the lady whose debut we announced in our last No. but one, and whose abilities have been greatly overrated by any one who imagined she could do even distant justice to so difficult a character. It is not pleasant to say so, but her Lady Macbeth was a complete failure: tame, even playful, unsustained, and unimpressive. She had none of the dignity, none of the masculine energy, none of the unrelenting cruelty, none of the devouring ambition which belong to the cool murderess, whose only touch of humanity in the whole play is, "had he not resembled my father as he slept, I would have don't." She seemed to coax and wheedle her husband to the commission of the crime, instead of pouring her bold spirit into his milky nature, or chastizing what is undecided in him with the valour of her tongue. We looked in vain for that lofty range of guilty feeling which in greatness assumes the impression of better qualities, and affects the mind in behalf of crime only because it is excessive and dauntless. This Lady Macbeth was always a mere woman, not unsexed, nor filled from the crown to the toe with direst cruelty, with thickened blood, the access and passage to remorse shut up, and no compunctious visitings of nature to shake her fell purpose. She was on the contrary drawing and insipid, and in no one scene mounted to the standard of the character, which is, in one word, above her sphere.

We formerly animadverted on the accession of the letter *a* to many words in Miss Campbell's enunciation, which have heretofore been pronounced without that appendage. In the present instance this absurdity was carried to a greater length, and it is literally a fact, that it occurred four times within a line and a half. Now, though Miss C. cannot cope with Lady Macbeth, she has talents enow to appear to advantage in less prominent situations; but she must discard the *a*, if she wishes to be successful in any way. Its repetition, at first only ludicrous, will soon become disgusting, and no audience of taste or common sense will endure such a mode of speech. Let Miss C. study an example in this style for a moment, and she will see how absolutely foolish it is.

—The raven-a himself is hoarse-a
That-a croaks-a the fatal entrance-a of-a Duncan-a

Under-a my-a battlements-a.

We allow that this is the argumentum ad absurdum; but it is a just mode of reasoning against a bluish which must, if not overcome, be fatal to this lady's theatrical career.

We liked Kean's Macbeth better than usual. His physical wants he cannot supply, but he imparted wonderful force to the scene on issuing from the murder of Duncan. A pause, we know, may be filled up with a

look or action more powerful than words, but still we desire that these pauses be placed where there is no glaring impropriety. Yet in this very fine scene, where Macbeth says, "This is a sorry sight,"

Mr. Kean paused after the word sorry. It is true his countenance assumed a wonderful expression of contrition—but would not that same expression be infinitely more effective, if given generally to the passage? we think it would; and avoid a very unnatural trick of art.

The music was excellent; but we wanted a more potent Hecate.

THE BEGGARS' OPERA.—MISS BYRNE'S POLLY.—Critics, like prophets, rejoice to find their predictions fulfilled. We therefore congratulate ourselves, as well as the public, on the confirmation of the most favourable auguries respecting Miss Byrne. Her Polly, on Tuesday night, afforded us a charming treat. Her execution of all the airs allotted to her in the Opera surpassed our expectations, high-raised as they were; and more than established her as a favourite with the musical world. The ornaments she introduced were simple and delightful, and in several of the songs she displayed the only quality wanting to render her notes more seductive, expression. We will not particularize music so well known, but content ourselves with the flattering but well-deserved declaration, that she was admirable in all. The enthusiastic plaudits and encores which her exertions drew forth, must stimulate her to the cultivation of every acquirement which can add to her already fascinating powers. Mr. T. Cooke performed Macheath well, and sang with great skill. The more we hear of him the better we like him. His uncommonly fine taste and science leave us without regret for the flourishes of bravura and the perplexities of execution. Munden, Downton, Knight, and Mrs. Sparks, were imitable in Peachum, Lockit, Filch, and Mrs. Peachum; and the excellence of Miss Kelly, in Lucy, was the more felt from her afterwards playing the pathetic part of Mary, in the Innkeeper's Daughter, with equal ability.

COVENT GARDEN.

The Apostate, Romeo and Juliet, and the Stranger, have afforded opportunities for the exhibition of the tragic powers of Miss O'Neill, and Messrs. Young, C. Kemble, and Macready, in characters too well known to the public to require criticism. The Siege of Belgrade was advertised for Tuesday; but She Stoops to Conquer, was substituted, for unknown reasons. Liston's Tony, kept the House in good humour, and this lively Comedy failed in none of its attractions.

RE-APPEARANCE OF MR. BRAHAM.

We thought when we entered the Theatre that it was the Siege of Jerusalem, and not the Siege of Belgrade that was performing, for the multitude of the Children of Israel who appeared deeply interested in the event was astonishing. We have no dislike to national predilections, and therefore do not mention as censuring the assemblage of the Jewish people upon this occasion; but it had a curious theatrical effect, and till the Twelve Tribes meet on more important business we may be amused by such a sample of the gre-

gious qualities which bid fair to re-organize their scattered members at some future era. Mr. Braham was received on his entry with long and loud applause, and Mr. Isaacs, a fine bass singer from the English Opera, who made his debut in Anselm, was also warmly welcomed by his brethren. It is very natural that any class should feel a pride in producing so accomplished an artist as Braham. His masterly movements in all the delightful music of this Opera, his Corinthian richness of ornament, his wonderful powers of voice are astonishing. He revelled in all the luxuries of scientific execution, and proved himself a British Singer, equal, if not superior, to any which Italy, the land of melody itself, can produce. It has been objected to his style that it is too ornamental, and astonishes more than it delights; but we can scarcely agree to this after hearing him, though it seems perfectly true of his many imitators. His finest song in the Seraskier was one introduced in the third act, "*Though Laurel crown the gallant Chief*," in which he displayed most extraordinary talent. We never heard from a male voice so splendid an ascent in semitones; not Catalani ever afforded a more exquisite chromatic treat. In the Duets, we thought he rather overpowered his associates, and Miss Stephens, at best rather an inanimate Lilla, seemed to sink under the trial in "*When thy Bosom*." Her first song was however enchantingly soft, and the sportive air to Leopold was very prettily given. Mr. Isaac's bass is full and melodious, not so deep as Smith's nor Tinney's, but with more perfect notes than the latter. His style may be much improved; it is rather common.

The dulness of the opera was somewhat relieved by the humour of Liston in Yusef; yet when he was swallowing the ham of Leopold's supper, he gave great offence to a fair lady near us, who exclaimed, "Oh the nasty fellow! he is swallowing real pork!" This judicious observation smacked more of the synagogue than of the theatre. Mrs. Liston and Miss Mathews, Mr. Fawcett, Mr. Abbott, and Mr. Taylor did their duty ably in Ghita, Catherine, Leopold, Cohenburg, and Peter. The encores were numerous, the applause unanimous, and the opera was given out for this evening, nem. diss.

DIGEST OF POLITICS AND NEWS.

The news of the past week offer several features of greater interest than we have lately been accustomed to. A Mahratta war appears to have actually commenced in India. Captain Hall, in the *Lyra*, arrived on Monday with this intelligence, communicated by the Marquis of Hastings; as also of an insurrection in Cuttack on the other side of the peninsula. The Hon. Mr. Elphinstone, our resident at Poonah, seems to have acted with great decision, as indeed he has formerly done in the delicate and difficult post at which he is stationed. He marched six or seven thousand men, and seized the Peishwa, the head of the

Mahratta confederacy, who has consequently been compelled to sign a treaty, and surrender several important forts to the British. Scindia and Meer Khan are nevertheless expected to take up arms, and join Trimbukshee, a celebrated general of the Peishwa's. The Cuttack disturbances will, we imagine, be speedily suppressed; and as for the Mahratta war, though we are not in love with wars, it ought perhaps to be considered as a desirable event to take place at this period. These unsettled and predatory states have never yet been reduced to that order which is requisite for the security of our mighty Indian empire. Their plunderings and oppressions have been intolerable, and it is well that they provoke the curb of British power at a period when our force is in the highest condition, both for discipline and magnitude, and when we have no other belligerent business to distract our attention. Our rulers in India have long foreseen the coming storm, and we can assert on the best information, are fully prepared for it. We doubt not but the issue will consolidate our empire in the east, and relieve several millions of the natives from the most wanton and galling tyranny. It ought not to be forgotten that our interests, and the interests of humanity, are united in this contest.

The Dey of Algiers, Omar Pacha, has been deposed and strangled by a mutinous body of 600 Turkish soldiers. A new Dey, Ali-Hodja, is placed on the throne. It is probable that this revolution may afford ground for the interference of combined Europe to put an end altogether to these abominable combinations of pirates, and confer on a fine country the blessings of civilization.

The differences between Russia and the Porte are declared to be satisfactorily adjusted;—the affair of Czerni George explained, and a new line of frontier agreed upon.

A rumour of hostilities between Spain and Portugal supplies the vacant place; and it is said that a Spanish army has approached the frontiers. We know there were some disputes about giving up some fortress, and some discontent respecting the operations at Monte Video; but we do not believe that these causes will go so far as to produce actual warfare.

The Duke of Angoulême has set out from Paris on a month's tour to the south of France. The Duke of Wellington, attended by several Russian officers of rank, has been reviewing the British contingent.

Two of the persons under trial at Derby, for High Treason, have been con-

victed. Their names are Brandreth and Turner. The trials are proceeding—one prisoner at a time.

The Russian Fleet, so much talked of, has invaded Portsmouth! We anticipated as much. They have levied provisions, and done no further mischief. Perhaps, having filled their bellies, they will no longer be so terrible. The Cossacks, in France, were always found to be best humoured after meal-time.

It is with feelings of great regret we have to mention the sudden death, on Monday last, of Mr. Grant, publicly known by his assumed theatrical name of Raymond, the respectable manager of Drury Lane Theatre. He was struck with apoplexy in the morning, and died at half past five in the afternoon: a biographical sketch of his life is deferred to our next Number, in the hope of being able to procure one more accurate than has hitherto appeared.

VARIETIES.

On the 11th, a public dinner was given to Sir Humphrey Davy, at Newcastle, by the Coal-owners on the rivers Tyne and Wear, and a service of plate of the value of about 2000l. was presented to that gentleman as an acknowledgment of his services in inventing the SAFETY LAMP. Mr. Lambton, the member for Durham county, presided, and the whole entertainment presented a gratifying spectacle of COMMERCE doing honour to its best friend SCIENCE.

HERCULEANUM MSS.—*M. Sickler*, a Saxon gentleman of considerable learning, has recently arrived in London, for the purpose of unrolling the Herculean Manuscripts by a method of his own invention. His experiment has proved perfectly successful on three of the manuscripts; but they had unfortunately imbibed the sea-water on board the vessel in which they were conveyed from Italy to England, so that on being unrolled the writing was nearly effaced by the effect of the marine acid.

M. Sickler is proceeding with his labours on some other manuscripts, which it is hoped have been better preserved. The Prince Regent, with royal munificence, defrays the expences attending this undertaking.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Pinnock's Edition of Dr. Goldsmith's History of England, for the use of Schools, with a continuation down to the present period, is reprinting.

Mr. Reynard is preparing for publication a new edition of his *History Made Easy*; or Genealogical Chart of the Kings and Queens of England.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Further Extracts from David Hume's Correspondence are postponed, to make room for Mr. Burrow's Letter on the Topography of Athens.

The account of the Mission to the Ashantees will be extremely acceptable. The other paper referred to by our correspondent will appear next week.